

Monmouth's Downfal;^(200.) OR, THE ROYAL VICTORY.

To the Tune of, *Hark, I hear the Cannons Roar.*

I.

HArk, I hear the Trumpets found,
The Loyal Joys and Shouts go round;
Whilst th' Echoing Hills and Dales rebound,
The Whiggs are all furrounded.
At *Jove's* dread Thunder, *James's* Frown,
Behold the Foes of Church and Crown;
Th' old Rebel Gyants tumbling down,
To Death and Hell Confounded.

II.

Argyle and *Rumbold's* Loofing Chance
Began to lead the solemn Dance:
And *Monmouth's* Fate does next advance,
To fill the fatal Chorus.
Their mounted Heads begin to make
Our baffled Hero's Courage quake,
And the Good Old Cause a tottering shake;
For *James's* Sword's Victorious.

III.

Come ye great Phanatick Dons,
Welcome all my *Tyburn* Sons;
Whilst the bending Gibbet groans,
With loads of Whiggs all round her:
And th' Imperial *Tony's* Ghost,
Lord of all the Stygian Coast,
Salutes the vast descending Host;
The mighty Whigland-Founder.

IV.

No more that little Crop-ear'd Saint,
Ferguson's Tub-Gospel Cant
Shall th' aspiring Fop Enchant,
And make dull fools adore him.
Great *James*, in spight of *Scotch* Kirk Loons,
The feeble *Rumbold* Musquetoons,
And all the Zealous *Taunton* Clowns,
Shall drive the World before him.

V.

Rampant Zeal's for ever tamed,
The *Tecklite* Reformation sham'd,
The *Presbyter-Turk*, and Devil damn'd,
And the long charm all ended.
Quench'd are now th' Infernal brands,
Whilst safe from Impious Rebel Hands,
Great *James's* Life and Empire stands,
By Angel Guards defended.

VI.

Then our Fears and Sorrows drown'd,
Let the Jocund Bowls go round,
With Royal *Cesar's* Health all Crown'd,
And farewell all Delusion.
To the sanctified True-Blue,
That Hypocrite, false, pretending Crew;
To give the Rebel Devil his due,
Perdition and Confusion.

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